









THE ACPL 35TH ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST



September 11 to November 6, 2017

Sponsored by the Friends of the Library, Children's Services, and the Teens Department



ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY





2017 Poetry Contest Allen County Public Library

JUST WRITE IT

Thank you to the more than five hundred children and young adults who submitted poems for this contest.

Thank you also to our judges:

Helen Presser, Canterbury Lower School
Bob Jones, Retired Teacher
Fran Hewett, Croninger Elementary
Sarah Sandman, IPFW
Susi Jones, Retired Teacher
Mark Hewett, Croninger Elementary
Erica Anderson-Senter, Poet

Mary R. Voors Children's Services (260) 421-1220 Peggy Vaniman Young Adults' Services (260) 421-1255







GRADE	PLACE	TITLE	NAME
Homestead I	High School		
Grade 11	2nd	google: average number of facial expressions per person	Zoe Moore
Huntertown	Elementary		
Grade 3	Honorable Mention	Ode to Pumpkin Pie	Bradyn Lothamer
Kekionga Mi	ddle School		
Grade 6	3rd	A World of Hate	Kaylor Powell-Wallace
Memorial Pa	rk		
Grade 8	2nd	The Sound of Skies	Angel Bishop
New Tech Ad	cademy at Wayne		
Grade 10	2nd	Chains Elegy	Diana Macias
Grade 10	3rd	Shackles and Dreams	Jaymason Curry
North Side H	ligh School		
Grade 9	1st	Am I Here	Steven Benya
Grade 9	2nd	What Cancer Cannot Do!	Christopher Markey
Grade 9	Honorable Mention	(untitled)	Austin Miller
Grade 10	Honorable Mention	(untitled)	Natasha Markey
Grade 10	Honorable Mention	Basketball	Nancy Carnahan
Grade 11	3rd	On what was left of her heart	Karha Trammel
Grade 12 Grade 12	2nd 3rd	(untitled) My Life	Jannette Winners
Grade 12	1st	My Best Friend	Lacy Lechleidner Samantha Hayden
South Side H	ligh School		
Grade 11	Honorable Mention	What Commands the Youth	Hannah Sprenger
Ct Charles D			
St. Charles B		Maria Causanta	Madalana Casitla
Grade 4 Grade 5	2nd 2nd	Magic Serpents A Dog of My Own	Madelyn Smith Catherine Krouse
St. Paul's Lut	heran School		
Grade 4	Honorable Mention	Mountain Goats	Brennyn Everson
Towles New	Tech		
Grade 7	1st	Life Is Like a Poem	Nora Summers
Grade 8	1st	Listen	Khun Ze Yar Tun
Woodlan Jr/S	Sr High School		
Grade 11	1st	Poetry Class	Thomas Bemus
Wyneken Me	emorial Lutheran Scho	ol	
Grade 2	3rd	(untitled)	Landon Sielschott

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NAME	GRADE	TITLE	PLACE	SCHOOL
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Thomas Bemus	11	Poetry Class	1st	Woodlan Jr/Sr High
Evy Benjamin	2	(untitled)	2nd	Central Lutheran School
Steven Benya	9	Am I Here	1st	North Side High School
Gavin Beuchel	K	Fall Leaves	1st	Canterbury School
Angel Bishop	8	The Sound of	2nd	Memorial Park
Brayden Bledsoe	3	The Splurge!	3rd	Central Lutheran School
Charlie Bolt	1	The Night	1st	Canterbury School
Brittany Buell	8	Error	Honorable Mention	Emmaus Lutheran
Nancy Carnahan	10	Basketball	Honorable Mention	North Side High School
Alexis Carvajal	7	I May Be an Old	2nd	Central Lutheran School
Iris Chapulis	K	(untitled)	3rd	Franke Park
Viola Chapulis	2	Ten Little Artists	Honorable Mention	Franke Park
Gavin Clark	3	(untitled)	2nd	Central Lutheran School
Thadius Cox	6	Machupichu	Honorable Mention	Emmaus Lutheran
Jaymason Curry	10	Shackles and	3rd	New Tech Academy
Brennyn Everson	4	Mountain Goats	Honorable Mention	St. Paul's Lutheran
Charlotte Gillan	K	Pumpkins	2nd	Canterbury School
Lucy Gongaware	7	Warmth Like a	Honorable Mention	Central Lutheran School
Alden Greider	4	Baseball	Honorable Mention	Canterbury School
Beatrice Habecker	1	(untitled)	2nd	Canterbury School
Samantha Hayden	12	My Best Friend	1st	North Side High School
Catherine Krouse	5	A Dog of My Own	2nd	St. Charles Borromeo
Naomi Kujak	5	My Secret Place	3rd	Central Christian School
Lacy Lechleidner	12	My Life	3rd	North Side High School
Zanaiya Limzerwala	4	Max	3rd	Canterbury School
Vicki Liu	6	According To	1st	Central Lutheran School
Bradyn Lothamer	3	Ode to	Honorable Mention	Huntertown Elementary
Diana Macias	10	Chains Elegy	2nd	New Tech Academy
Christopher Markey	9	What Cancer	2nd	North Side High School
Natasha Markey	10	(untitled)	Honorable Mention	North Side High School
Naomi Maurer	5	The Life of a Pig	1st	Homeschool
Austin Miller	9	(untitled)	Honorable Mention	North Side High School
Zoe Moore	11	google: average	2nd	Homestead High School
Mila Mourad	K	(untitled)	Honorable Mention	Canterbury School
Nathan Phuong	10	Ben Franklin(s)	1st	Canterbury High School
Jonny Plant	5	Write Away	Honorable Mention	Central Christian School
Kaylor Powell-Wallace	6	A World of Hate	3rd	Kekionga Middle School
Kinsey Presser	1	Fairy Tale Ball	Honorable Mention	Canterbury School
Emme Russell	1	Cats	3rd	Canterbury School
Ashley Saylor	9	A Pirate's Tale	3rd	Homeschool
Avery Seago	2	A Broken Bone	1st	Homeschool
Landon Sielschott	2	(untitled)	3rd	Wyneken Memorial
Ben Smith	5	Write It	Honorable Mention	Central Christian School
Madelyn Smith	4	Magic Serpents	2nd	St. Charles Borromeo
Hannah Sprenger	11	What Commands	Honorable Mention	South Side High School
Marlee Steffen	7	At My Grand	3rd	Blackhawk Christian
Nora Summers	7	Life Is Like a Poem	1st	Towles New Tech
Kierstyn Swaim	12	(untitled)	1st	Carroll High School
Lucas Swift	4	Greece	1st	Canterbury School
Karha Trammel	11	On what was	3rd	North Side High School
Myah VanCamp	8	Halloween Night	3rd	Central Lutheran School
Samantha Vance	3	When I Am Me	1st	Haley Elementary
Eliana Ward	6	A Bittersweet	2nd	Homeschool
Jannette Winners	12	(untitled)	2nd	North Side High School
Khun Ze Yar Tun	8	Listen	1st	Towles New Tech

THEFT

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Kindergarten-1st Place Gavin Beuchel

Canterbury School

Fall Leaves

Fall leaves fall
Rake them into a pile
Jump on in
And then you'll have a smile!

Kindergarten-2nd Place Charlotte Gillan

Canterbury School

Pumpkins

Pumpkins
Pumpkins
Everywhere
Pumpkin smell
Fills the air

Kindergarten-3rd Place Iris Chapulis

Franke Park

I like the pumpkins
One little, two little
three little
I love Pumpkins

Kindergarten-Honorable Mention Mila Mourad

Canterbury School

Birds sing

All day long

Love their nest

Like a song

First Grade-1st Place Charlie Bolt

Canterbury School

The Night

The spooky night
Oh what a fright
Ghosts and goblins
bones a hobblin'.
Zombies and mummies
want candy in their tummies.
Knock on doors
looking for more.
Because it's Halloween night
what a spooky sight!

First Grade-2nd Place Beatrice Habecker

Canterbury School

Pets

Dogs

Cats

Fish

Hamsters

Snakes

Lizards, too

Any kind of pet will do.

For me and you, too.

First Grade-3rd Place Emme Russell

Canterbury School

Cats

Cats catch rats
Cats take naps
Shhhhhh Cat sat
On a mat

First Grade-Honorable Mention Kinsey Presser

Canterbury School

Fairy Tale Ball

Stories like Thumbelina at the Fairy Tale museum Parading through the halls To the Fairy Tale ball.

Dressed in costumes
Walking on stilts
Telling fairy tales with puppets
Playing chess with my friends.

Building castles with Legos Making a princess crown craft Eating Fairy Tale food Dancing the Waltz.

Fairy Tale fun at the Fairy Tale Ball!

Second Grade-1st Place Avery Seago

Seago Classical Academy Homeschool

A Broken Bone

A broken bone is no fun,
In fact, it really stinks.
At least I picked the color of my castBut I wish that it was pink.

But alas, I picked purple (And nothing rhymes with that).
Do you think my purple cast
Makes my hand look fat?

A broken hand has slowed me down.

It is really pretty boring.

I don't get to do cartwheels

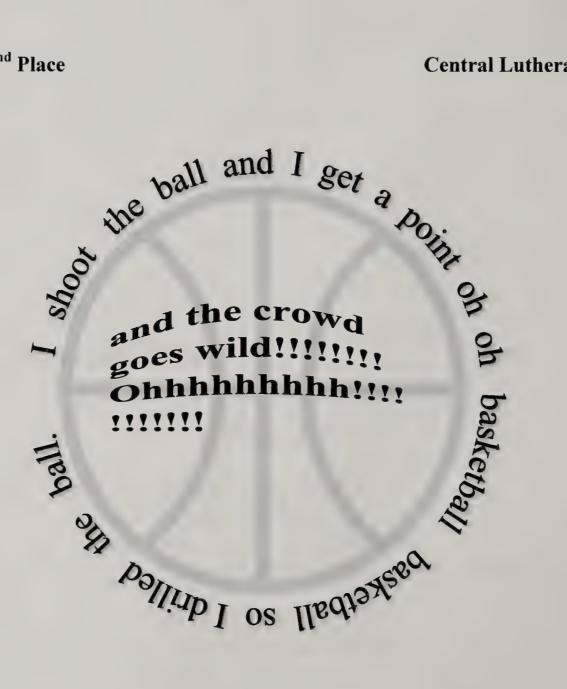
Across the carpet flooring.

No more somersaults, no more flips, No more crazy backwards dips. No monkey bars, no jumping off swings-You know-all the cool stuff that being a kid brings.

> But soon my cast will be off, And back to normal I will be To adventures in the life Of eight-year-old Avery.

Second Grade-2nd Place **Evy Benjamin**

Central Lutheran School



Second Grade-3rd Place Landon Sielschott

Wyneken Memorial Lutheran

rickity rackity, that bridge rocks, rickity rackity, I'm scared to cross, rickity rackity, I fell off, aaaa!!!!!!! ouch, oof, I'm okay, Two days later wewo wewo, I'm in the hospital wewo wewo, weee!!!! wewo wewo, I love to ride beds ya!

Second Grade-Honorable Mention Viola Chapulis

Ten Little Artists

One little, two little three little artists, four little, five little, six little artists, seven little, eight little, nine little artists, ten little artists making a book.

Third Grade-1st Place Samantha Vance

When I am me

When I am outside it feels like I can touch the sky.

When I am with my family it feels like I can fly.

When I am by myself I can pretend to be a cat.

When I am with my friends

Franke Park

Haley Elementary

I am happy no matter where I'm at.

When I am feeling down I can read a funny book.

When I am hungry I can cook.

When I am learning I feel like I have super hero powers!

When I am with my Grandma we like to plant flowers.

I feel great when I am me!

Third Grade-2nd Place Gavin Clark

Basketball

Run, jump, dribble, bounce

Slam dunks, foul shots.

Opponents, teammates, coach.

Shoot the ball in the hoop,

Make a basket, score two points.

We won the basketball game.

My friends and I had fun!

Central Lutheran School

Third Grade-3rd Place - Brayden Bledsoe

Central Lutheran School

The Spluge!

Have you ever seen a spluge? It jumps and jumps and jumps Until it is night. Then it gets a fright!

It howls and growls. It moans and groans.

But when its belly is full And his teeth are brushed He goes to bed.

But what does he dream? He dreams of humans, Maybe even you!

Third Grade-Honorable Mention Bradyn Lothamer

Ode to Pumpkin Pie

Pumpkin pie you are so good. I want to keep you in my coat hood.

Your crust is so crunchy. I eat you for lunchy

I love you to your gooey middle.

Huntertown Elementary

Fourth Grade-1st Place Λουκας Ζουιφτ (Lucas Swift)

Canterbury School

Ελλάδα

Τα κυλιόμενα βουνά, τόσο ψηλά και απέραντος. Η πανεμορφη θάλασσα, Έτσι Σαφή και ήρεμη. Τα ήσυχα χωριά, κρυμμένα Μακριά στα βουνά. Το φρέσκο κρύο νερό που ξεχειλίζει κάτω από το βουνό. Όλα αυτά μου θυμίζουν την Ελλάδα από την οποία ηλθε η οικογένειά μου.

Greece

The rolling mountains, so high and vast.

The beautiful sea, so clear and calm.

The quiet villages, tucked away in the mountains

The fresh cold stream that trickles down the mountain.

All these things remind me of Greece where my family came from.

Fourth Grade-2nd Place Madelyn Smith

St. Charles Borromeo

Magic Serpents

Dragons are my passions, Shiny scales of gold, Hatching from an egg, From amazing tales of old.

Prisoners held captive By blazing, golden flames. Fighting knights of glory, Seeking treasure and fame.

Riding a dragon would be a dream come true And gliding across the sun, Laughing and holding on tight Out for a hunt or for fun.

Fourth Grade-3rd Place Zanaiya Limzerwala

Canterbury School

Max

Max played

He loved to run

He sometimes

Even bit you

Just for fun

But

He was old

And

He died

Darkness

Falls over me

Shoving me

And my memories

Into a solid wall

Of sadness

Max is gone

And

He

Will

Never

Come

Back

Fourth Grade-Honorable Mention Brennyn Everson

St. Paul's Lutheran

Mountain Goats

My

My

the mountain goats

jump up and

down

the slopes

from here to there

there to here

mountain goats

have no fear.

Fourth Grade-Honorable Mention Alden Greider

Canterbury School

BASEBALL

I hit the baseball
Through his glove and ran around
The bases very fast.

Homeschool

The Life of a Pig

Everywhere is dark,
And cold,
But mother is warm,
Snuggling into her bristly fur,
Jostling against his siblings
To get to his mother's teats.
Rich, warm milk flows into his stomach,
He is adorable.

As the days pass,
He speedily grows.
His eyes open,
And his world is filled with grayish light.
His fur grows thicker and begins to bristle.
He begins to explore...
But there is little to see,
The walls of his pen, a feeding trough.
But his mother is here,
And so are his brothers and sisters,
Wrestling with them is fun,
And he is happy.

Larger and larger he grows,
And all his playmates are taken away.
No one to talk to,
No one to cuddle.
But eating makes him less lonely,
So he devours all the slop that he is fed.
Months and months he waits.

And then the door creaks open.
He steps into the fresh air,
But he is not free.
He is pushed and shoved,
He cannot chose which way he goes.
He is surrounded by pigs,

He is no longer alone.
But he is too hurried to make friends.
Soon he and many others are crammed into a truck,
It rattles along the road.

Miles and miles,
Then it stops.
He is terrified,
But curious.
What will happen next?
The door opens.
He hurries down a steel ramp
A sudden shock,
Everywhere is dark!

Fifth Grade-2nd Place Catherine Krouse

St. Charles Borromeo

A Dog of My Own

Oh, how I long for a dog of my own!
It could sleep on its own little bed.
I could give it a walk and give it a bath,
I would teach it to shake and play dead.

I could name it Tallulah or Brownie, In summer, we would swim at the lake. She would ride in my bike basket On any rides I take.

She could wear a Halloween costume, In winter, a Santa hat. She would win competitions against other dogs Unless she sees a cat.

Please, Mom and Dad, will you get me a dog? I will feed it and do so much more.
Our dog could chase all the squirrels away,
And lick all the crumbs off the floor!

Fifth Grade-3rd Place Naomi Kujak

Central Christian School

My Secret Place

This is my dream I'm living
I can come here when life's taking—
not giving

When I have no one listening to me—

I can write

and let no one see

This is my secret place

in the least secret of places—

My excitement

In melancholy times –

I can just write it

And it's all mine

Fifth Grade-Honorable Mention Jonny Plant

Central Christian School

Write Away

Just write it

Just write it

--that's what they say to me.

When I write an assignment,

They say just write it,

But I don't want to WRITE IT

Fifth Grade-Honorable Mention Ben Smith

Central Christian School

Write It

Write it, write

Pick up a pencil—
and write it!

Grab a paper—
Grab an eraser,
and just write it!

Sixth Grade-1st Place Vicki Liu

According To My Friend, Siri

According to my friend, Siri,

It should've snowed last Sunday,

October 29, 2017.

Boy, was I excited,

When I saw a cloudy day.

I sat and waited snow.

Like puffs of cold, white crystals.

But imagine my disappointment,

When there was no snow.

No cold, white crystals,

Promised by my friend, Siri.

I checked my mother's phone,

Central Lutheran

Asked for my good friend Siri.

And when she'd finally showed up,

Forecast had changed!

Expect cloudy days,

I read with dismay.

And boy, was I disappointed,

For no sight of snow.

Sixth Grade-2nd Place Eliana Ward

A Bittersweet Letter

"Take me with you," I shout.

I am an unwritten piece of poetry, in your pocket I wait blank as a slate.

When you reach in with your hands I feel I am alive again.

You write, you draw.

What you do doesn't matter at all.

You write poems about a crayon, you draw a quiet man.

I am finally written on it tickles as you mark on me I can't sit still it seems. I see the words form into a letter a letter for his enemy. Mean words dot the page, will I be used in this horrible way? I've always wanted to be written on but not in this way. Should I let the letter be? And let his enemy see?

I float away in the breeze—for I wouldn't let him.

Homeschool

Sixth Grade-3rd Place Kaylor Powell-Wallace

Kekionga

A World of Hate

Asne looked at the world around her

When she looked she saw...

police brutality

blood in Chicago

tears of the mourners

the innocent hurt while the guilty saw justice

a world of hate

What happened to, "One man is not greater, we are all brothers and sisters"?

How could one color, one religion, one person hate another?

Don't they know power can build you or break you?

Why?

Sixth Grade-Honorable Mention Thadius Cox

Emmaus Lutheran

Machupichu

Mossy stone with calm Smooth wind, broken structures, so Amazing to see.

Seventh Grade-1st Place Nora Summers

Towles New Tech

Life is Like a Poem

Life is like a splotch of paint, So organic and abstract; Life is like a dream, Just waiting to be dreamt.

Life is like a rollercoaster, With ups and downs; Life is like a song, Choose your lyrics wisely.

Life is like a journey, With adventure and shortcuts; Life is like a story, Written by only you.

Life is like your wardrobe, Showing your true colors; Life is like a game, You need to find a strategy.

Life is like a river, Always flowing no matter what, Life is like a clock, You only have so much time.

Life is like music, Beautiful but also sad; Life is like a fork in the road, Which path will you take?

Seventh Grade-2nd Place Alexis Carvajal

Central Lutheran

I May Be An Old Woman

According to Erica, I act like an old woman.
I may like classical music, it's soothing to the soul.
I like older books that others can't quite stand.
I like certain things, but that's a quirk I can't control.

Sure I drink tea, but it's a pleasant drink.

People say I use substantial words,

But they make the reader think.

Plenty may say I don't follow the herd.

I may exhibit traits of an old lady,
Erica's probably right.
But perhaps, no, maybe...
Being one's alright.

Seventh Grade-3rd Place Marlee Steffen At My Grandparent's House

Blackhawk Christian

At my Grandparent's house It's different There's monsters And ghosts that Moan and Groan In the closet There's a city hall In the attic There's girls in an orphanage In the basement A theater in the living room A Police Station In grandpa's Office **Indians** Living in the trees Daring explorers Who go into A haunted House By the dump A house In a pine tree A mannar school

In the basement
A restaurant
That serves
Soapy "tea"
In the kitchen
All of this happened
At my Grandparents house

Seventh Grade-Honorable Mention Lucy Gongaware

Central Lutheran

Warmth like a cocoon

Waking up is hard.

At least for me.

Until I see you.

The love of my life.

I love you more than anything.

I can never wait to see you after work.

I always want you.

I hate it when I don't have you.

I need you.

I want you.

Why can't I always have you?

I just want you.

I love to see you.

You always want to see me.

We are perfect for each other.

I take you out to public sometimes.

You normally stay home.

I never want to lose you.

I'll take you with me when I die.

I'll bring you with me.

You live eternity with me.

If I want warmth, you are there.

You surround me in your warmth like a cocoon.

You might get worn out.

You might be old.

But nothing will replace you.

I love you.

My sweatshirt.

Listen

Would you like to listen to our story?

Of course not, you have a perfect life
You don't need the sorrow of these people
And they don't need your pity

The boy you saw in the hallway
The times he's been pushed around
The times he ate alone at lunch
You never listened to his story

The girl who was called names, like fat and piggy
She's not eating anything to get skinny
She's crying herself to sleep
You never listened to her story

The boy who was bullied for liking boys
He just wants to be friends
He's depressed, taking meds
You never listened to his story

The girl who was pushed away because of jealously
They are jealous of her look, her knowledge
She thinks about ending it
You never listened to her story

The boy who is always happy
You never knew the scars he had
You never knew the times be bled
You never listened to him

The girl you knew in math class
You remember her always being quiet and alone
She died the day when you went out to eat
You never listened to her story

Their lies flowing out like a river The cold, dark, depressing dreams they have You never cared Nor did you listen

Always believing their lies
Never trying to decipher their words
Never Listening

Eighth Grade-2nd Place Angel Bishop

Memorial Park

The Sound of the Skies

A gentle rain sounds Singing me softly to sleep Like a lullaby

Boom! Crash! Thunder strikes! The rain is now a great beast Tearing through the skies

It's now so very late
Far into the darkened night
The storm becomes calm

I fall asleep now
After the storm has passed on
To the soft *plink*ing rain

Waking to a soft dawn
With the sky's blurred, soft gold hues
I hear natures call

Eighth Grade-3rd Place Myah VanCamp

Central Lutheran

Halloween Night

A cold, crisp breeze blows Causing leaves to rustle and crackle The moon is out Shining bright into the darkened sky

It is mostly quiet except a barking dog in the distance, And then far away, Conversations echo toward me.

Eighth Grade-Honorable Mention Brittany Buell

Emmaus Lutheran

Error

Error 903
Your haiku could not be found,
Try again later.

Ninth Grade-1st Place Steven Benya

North Side High School

Am I Here

Similar laughs,
The conversation felt awkward
But it felt nice

Coffee
Foggy windows
Hot chocolate
Getting darker and colder every minute
Am I really here

Frosty glass
Neon lights
Loneliness
But... it doesn't last

The bus leaves me
Am I alone
Was I left behind
I think I should go now

Ninth Grade-2nd Place Christopher Markey

North Side High School

What Cancer Cannot Do!

It cannot Cripple Love

It cannot Shatter Hope

It cannot Corrode Faith

It cannot Destroy Peace

It cannot Kill Friendship

It cannot Suppress Memories

It cannot Silence Courage

It cannot Invade the soul

It cannot Steal Eternal Life

It cannot Conquer the Spirit

Ninth Grade-3rd Place Ashley Saylor

A pirates tale

Once in a summer's night
Under the light of a full, blue moon
An old pirate sang a sorrowful tune
She sang of her life on the seven seas

Saylor Homeschool Academy

And the cool, salty air in the breeze.

But she also sang of a more, dismal thought

About the lad who brought

Her once beautiful life to a stop.

"Come close, come close"

She called as others drew near

"I'll tell ya my tale for all to hear

I was once the most feared pirate

In all the land

I always kept me scurvy crew close at hand

We pillaged and plundered the whole seven seas

Every isle we came to we brought to their knees!

But one day however, we robbed a young man

Then he took something from me; my hand."

She paused in the story and pulled out

Where her hand had once been and said

"This man I did make pay for his sin!

I took from him his leg

Just like he took my hand from me

I thought I'd seen the last of him

But little did I know, a storm was a 'brewin'

Out at sea!

Months passed by I learned to cope without a limb

But one fateful day a ship

With a horrid, black flag rose up

And who should been standing

At the wheel, but him.

We fought a long hard battle

I wouldn't stop; until I'd had his head

But by the time we stopped

And he left I looked around and saw

That half me crew was dead!

And now my sailing days are done

My journey's at an end

But if I did find him again

I'd like to make amends

So that I could call him friend"

Suddenly a man walked in, his face was stern, and cold

But when the woman looked into his eyes

A memory began to unfold

"It's you!" She cried her face covered with shock,

He turned to her and with a cold, hard, voice

He then began to talk.

"I don't know who ya are" said he

As he drank his beer

"But if I did anything to harm you

I'd gladly like to hear.

She told him their story

Spoke every word so true,

He looked at her a memory struck

And he said, "Now I remember you.

I searched for you everywhere

throughout the ocean blue and

Now that I've actually found ya

I'd like to make amends, too."

And with that the pair walked off

Into the pitch black night,

Hand in arm they boarded a ship

And sailed right out of sight.

Ninth Grade-Honorable Mention Austin Miller

North Side High School

My poem is about nothing.

There is nothing for me to do in space.

There is nothing in life to do.

Tenth Grade-1st Place Nathan Phuong

Canterbury High School

Ben Franklin(s)

While walking down a hall,
I hear a college student
Tell his friend,
"Of course I do it
For the money"
His words rustle
Like stacks of bills.

Another man
In another country
Living another life,
Labors in a sweatshop, sewing
Shirts sent far away.
His fourteen-hour workday
Ends, and as he staggers

Out the door, he receives his wages:
The equivalent of three dollars
In America.
Enough to fend off starvation
For a day. Tomorrow,
He returns to earn his pittance,
Stays alive.

In Social Studies, I learn That a successful nation Has a strong economy.

But I don't understand why <u>we</u> Say our lives have immeasurable <u>value</u>, Then stake them on <u>green</u>.

Tenth Grade-2nd Place Diana Macias

New Tech at Wayne

Chains Elegy

He was a man just like any other looking for justice but the price that he paid was horrid a bullet to the head was all he ever got all he wanted was unity, but he ended up with a broken community His dreams were to fix the country, but those dreams were cut short by a cruel man named John Wilkes Booth, a cruel man who refused to give his country new opportunities a man like many others who enjoyed watching people suffer and yet they said that this country was the land of the free but really nobody was free in reality we were all tied to chains, chains of fear, embarrassment and humiliation And yet the people who tried, people like Harriet Tubman, like Abraham Lincoln, they were the ones to be punished, people that were brave strong kind and selfless When Abraham Lincoln gave his second inauguration speech people got mad, they got angry, So angry that they killed him without remorse They got angry because he spoke the truth and nothing BUT the truth Many people wanted peace but the price was too much it was liberty or death no other option nor tears or the blood that have fallen matter to them all that mattered were keeping the slaves All that mattered was that money not the pain or the deaths But the material things that could have disappeared in an instant Instead of learning from our mistakes we took two steps back and started all over The lives that were lost did not matter to them The many graves that were made did not matter but when that tall brave man died everything changed instead of going forward and uniting as one we went backwards

but some of us fail to realize that But as Lincoln once said

instead of coming together as one we fell apart in an instant and

split into two nations that could have changed our lives

"You Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged."

Tenth Grade-3rd Place-Jaymason B. Curry

New Tech at Wayne

Shackles and Dreams

The Language of All, that lasting foe Those illiterate bring upon them woe To learn, one opens his eyes For this, the doubt inside him dies

The Common Man, he sees no future
Worldly views are his body's suture
They will break him, tear him, make him sink
Change the way he acts and think

The dreams of all, magic personified Deviance made wrong, All hope is lies The shackles worldly, The soul it flies The Common man shields the Love from his eyes

And so the world falls into gray
The living are sleeping in the day
The awaken have great debts to pay
To stay above the dread that lay

Dear son, hear my words
Don't relinquish your dreams to the countries Lords
Different from the rest, you must be
And a whole new light you shall see

Tenth Grade-Honorable Mention Natasha Markey

I had my three choices

Yes I thought about all three

All would make a big change in my life

Should I say goodbye to a part of me or hello to a new me

I picked hello yes I knew it would be hard

But I loved the first time I heard your heart beat

The first time I saw your face changed my whole life

North Side High School

It was harder but my life wasn't over it was a new beginning
At a young age and I wouldn't change it for a thing
She's my world.

Tenth Grade-Honorable Mention Nancy Carnahan

North Side High School

BASKETBALL

You are going down the court

You shoot

Then everything goes

Black

You hear people say

Get up

Get up

But

You Can't

Move

You feel yourself

Getting picked up

Is your basketball done?

Years later you're in the 12th grade

You're back up on your feet

And you want to play

Basketball

Your last year

But you don't want to get hurt again

But

You

Try

Eleventh Grade-1st **Place Thomas Bemus**

Woodlan Jr/Sr High School

Poetry Class

Today an assignment was given to me. The contradiction of it was plain to see. The work so contradictory. Seemed rather odd, for you or me.

This poem I was now commanded to write. It's real, true purpose was of clearest sight. To take new creativity
And turn to derividity.

The rules of rhyme exist to abhor.

It doesn't need structure to avoid such a bore
The power is in the words, true,
So write what is truest to you.

Eleventh Grade-2nd Place Zoe Moore

Homestead High School

google: average number of facial expressions per person

alone sitting in the sun or just below it I am rubbing lavender oil over the crossroads of my hands and wrists in slow circles

two saccharine lemon drops, one for either side of my mouth to press between dentures and cheeks

making bumps like something buried there barely covered with dirt again

I am conscious of every car that passes by and its conspicuous passengers observing my small circle of amber light and myself at its almost-center

wasps are drawn to the edges of the gap in friction

to the beating of a circadian heart inside the ring

in light I am sitting and breathing in my own applied scent

wondering at the single fractal-like expression I witness on the face of every passenger, one

shard of the round bulb that breaks with every flicker of light below character

the average person has twenty one different facial expressions and there are new studies every day that tip thoughts into once hollow heads

inside this interim sun annulus i recognize this is too many to be justified

whatever life is made of is simpler than twenty-one

sitting with lemon and lavender inside of my lungs, reminding me of other passenger's memories that I have imagined into their bodies,

i am riding along even sitting still

Eleventh Grade-3rd Place Karha Trammel

North Side High School

On what was left of her heart.

She let down her walls,
Ripped them apart.
For a boy whose only intentions
Were to leave her in the end.

Not a word,
Not a worry,
Not a care.
Is how he left her there.

She made herself a promise
To never let anyone in again.
Barricade her heart with steel walls
So that nobody could get in.

She was empty,
She was numb.
She gave up.
The feelings she once had-gone.
She couldn't stop it.
The darkness from pulling her under.
She fought with all she had left.

But nothing could prevent her From getting dragged under.

There was nothing left. Not a word.

Let's leave out all of those gushy details And get straight to the point. This is the story of Sarah and Rick.

Sarah was an average girl
Who had a broken past.
Many heartbreaks,
Lost friends,
Broken trust,
Made her build up her walls
Higher, higher.

Rick was just another boy
With a seemingly kind heart
And genuine intentions.
Looking for an average girl
To fill the hole in his heart.

Fate brought them together
So that they could love each other forever.
Nothing could compare to the love they shared.
At least,
That's what Sarah was led to believe.

She believed this up until the day
That Rick just up and ran away.
No explanation,
Not even the consideration
Of the toll this would take

Not a worry.

Not a care.

What Commands the Youth

Sky without a Sun
A melancholy day
An Empire without an heir
Wind that holds no sway

Eyes that hold no sight
Arms grasping with all their might
Words that have no bite
Grudges consumed in spite

A wanderer needs a map
A fallen soul needs a hand
Confusion, Destitution
And trivial matters that make a man

Tell me, old friend, What commands the youth?

Temptation? Determination? Weak constitution? Rightful intrusion?

A sky without a Sun
Is tribulation day
An Empire without an heir
Where new foundation lay

Action by right
Flame without light
Lies in a fight
Truth we smite

"What commands the youth?" you say
A yielded, forgotten truth that only leads to decay

Which everyone follows
To my dismay

"What commands the youth! They scream Disaster, nightmares from a dream.

They flee and hide Deeper into the shadows Away from the healing light's beam

The words roll from my tongue as if a simple task "What commands the youth," I ask

A fear of justice, grace, and Truth That, my friend, is what commands the youth.

Twelfth Grade-1st Place Kierstyn Swaim

Carroll High School

Run, little bird, run.
Run, from those who tell you you can't do it, run.
Run, society's ideas of proper and improper are not yours, run.
Run, from the everlasting and subtle beauty of adulthood, run.
It is a lie.

Do you remember, little bird, when fairies danced on the sill?

Like a spattering of crystals in the morning dew.

Do you remember when dragons curled around your bed posts?

Every demon would fall back at the bulk of the beast.

Do you remember when sprites would leave flowers along your pillow?

Small, breathy sprigs of spring that are pressed neatly in your tomes.

Not a mean, old witch, but a kind, young girl with flasks in her hands, and spells on her lips of rose.

Run, from those who tell you life gets easier, run.
Run, from the fate of your elders, run.
Run, from those who tell you children need to grow up, run.
Run, as if a captor were behind you, run.
Or stop, and stay. We all make mistakes sometimes...

Do you remember the child with pink lilies in her hair?
You're right, I don't
Do you remember the girl with the impish smile?
You're right, I don't
Do you remember the girl who laid her palms on the old, wooden swing?
You're right, I don't
Do you ever have flashbacks of that little girl?
Of who she might have been?
You're right. It's me. I am the little bird, but now I am big.

What ever happened?

Twelfth Grade-2nd Place Jannette Winners

North Side High School

Every night at 11 o'clock
I put on my PJ's and my socks
I lay in bed
And thoughts run through my head
I worry about my mom
Getting into a bad car accident
Cause she works too much

My mom is my role model
I love her more than anything
Seeing anything happen to her
Would make me sad
Without her,
I wouldn't have anyone to tell
Everything to,
I wouldn't have my best friend
Without her I wouldn't be the
Person I am today

Twelfth Grade-3rd Place Lacy Lechleidner

"My Life"

As days go by

I wonder why

Why am I living

Why I go through

What I go through

Why people spend

Their lives attacking

Me with their

Words you spend 5

Years not knowing

Why and 2 years

North Side High School

Realizing why you're

Not good enough

To have it made

You felt hurt,

Lost, confused, abandoned

Not wanted to the

Point that's all you

Felt the moment

You realize that there's

Other feelings you ask

Why haven't I felt

Those before

Twelfth Grade-1st Place Samantha Hayden

North Side High School

My Best Friend
I am amazed you're in my life
The best 6 years
You stay by my side when I am down
You stood by my side
When I am alone
We do everything together
You're not my friend
You're my best friend
I don't like you
I love you

I am amazed I found someone like you
You have my back and I have yours
Friends come and go
Best friends stay forever

My life

My companion

My everything

Throughout good times and bad

When I see you

You make me laugh

My partner in crime

My life

My soulmate

Helps with school

Helps with work

Helps me get better when I am down

I am amazed I found someone like you

Because I would be absolutely

Lost without you

I would go crazy without you

You're the only person I can talk to

We tell each other everything

I can't forget about you

I care about you

Can't go through life without you

'Best friends forever and ever

To infinity and beyond











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